

he was much cast down at his lot here in the wilderness. His wife, however, who was a devotedly pious woman, endeavored to encourage him by referring to that overruling Providence which had directed them here, and would still provide. Her confidence increasing as she dwelt upon this subject, she arose and said to her husband: "Now, I will hang the pot over the fire, and I believe the Lord will fill it." Her confidence was not mistaken, for before the water boiled a fawn, apparently frightened, entered the field where her boys were at work. They chased it a few rods, and easily captured it in a thicket of bushes, where Mr. A. Smith's tannery now stands. As they joyfully entered the cabin door, the father remembered the words of encouragement and faith so recently spoken, and resolved no more to distrust God. On another occasion this good woman, when her husband and older sons had gone to their work, went out to the woods where they had been making sugar, to save some sap that was wasting. Having no one with whom to leave her infant child, she took it with her. She made a cradle of a sap-trough, and laid him down by the side of a large log. While busy here and there gathering the sap, she looked towards the child, and saw an enormous bear upon the log, looking down into his innocent face, and in the very act of grabbing him in his extended jaws. She uttered a wild shriek of terror and fell exhausted. The old dog saw the peril of the child and instantly flew to his rescue. That child is now Mr. Ashbel Stearne, who still lives in this vicinity. Not long after this,

she had been over to Mr. Stanton's, on a visit with this same infant, having her son Otis, then a young lad, with her. While on their return, as they were in a foot-path, crossing a rivulet in the rear of the present dwelling of Mr. Jonathan Miller, sen., a large bear came out of the brush and stood directly before them. Her son was at the time carrying the infant. But that faithful dog, that had once saved his life, came up and rushed upon the bear, who speedily retreated.

In an early period of this settlement, Mrs. Mumford had suffered her two little girls, Deborah and Sally, to go home with a near neighbor. One was about four and the other about six years old. They were returning by a foot-path, and mistaking the right direction, wandered off into the wilderness. They had been gone some hours before it was discovered that they were lost. The whole town roused in the search; but the night closed in and no trace could be found of them. No efforts were spared with lanterns and torches throughout the night, but all in vain. The next day people came from a great distance, and the woods were searched, but no children could be found. The second night spread its dark curtain over the distracted family. The heart-broken mother wrung her hands in agony. She would take her little infant, that clung to her breast with a tremulous fear, and go out at the midnight hour, and lie upon the cold ground, exclaiming, "Is this all the bed my dear little ones have to-night?" She would know herself how cold and damp it was. Thus the second night of agony passed. As the